MARVEL
THE ULTIMATES
18
CAMP | FRIGERI | BLEE
NOV. 2025 | RATED T+

Are you ready, Tony?
THE TRISKELION. COVERT ORBITAL HEADQUARTERS OF THE ULTIMATES.
I'm not sure. Are you?
Almost. I just have to do one thing.
Yes / No
Hey, you're gonna do great.
Remember-- this is a rescue mission.
Here goes everything...
Yes
KLIK

Hello. My name is Tony Stark.
Some of you know me as Iron Lad, founding member of the Ultimates.
By now, most of you have heard something about me, one way or another. But most of you have never heard from me.
Whatever you've heard, I hope you'll listen.
This message is being transmitted to every receiver in the world, automatically translated according to region.
This is for you. All of you.

Ever since I was a little boy, I felt there was something wrong with the world. That there should be... more.
Buh?
I know that many of you have felt it too. Life was supposed to be better than this, wasn't it?
Brighter. Kinder. More full of hope. We were supposed to be better.
But instead, we live small lives and dream small dreams and spend all our time trying to escape reality.
Why do we want so desperately to escape?
RETURN TO THE FUTURE
I think it's because "reality" is millions starving despite unprecedented abundance. "Reality" is millions more going homeless, sleeping on sidewalks circling empty luxury high-rises.
"Reality" is sanctioned genocide, irreversible environmental damage and widespread oppression.
The reality is...we have no say in the course of our lives.
We are not people, but cogs in a vast, unfeeling machine that slowly grinds us down into painful nothing.
Somebody get that little [redacted] off the air! Get me Van Dyne-- now!
Who wouldn't want to escape?

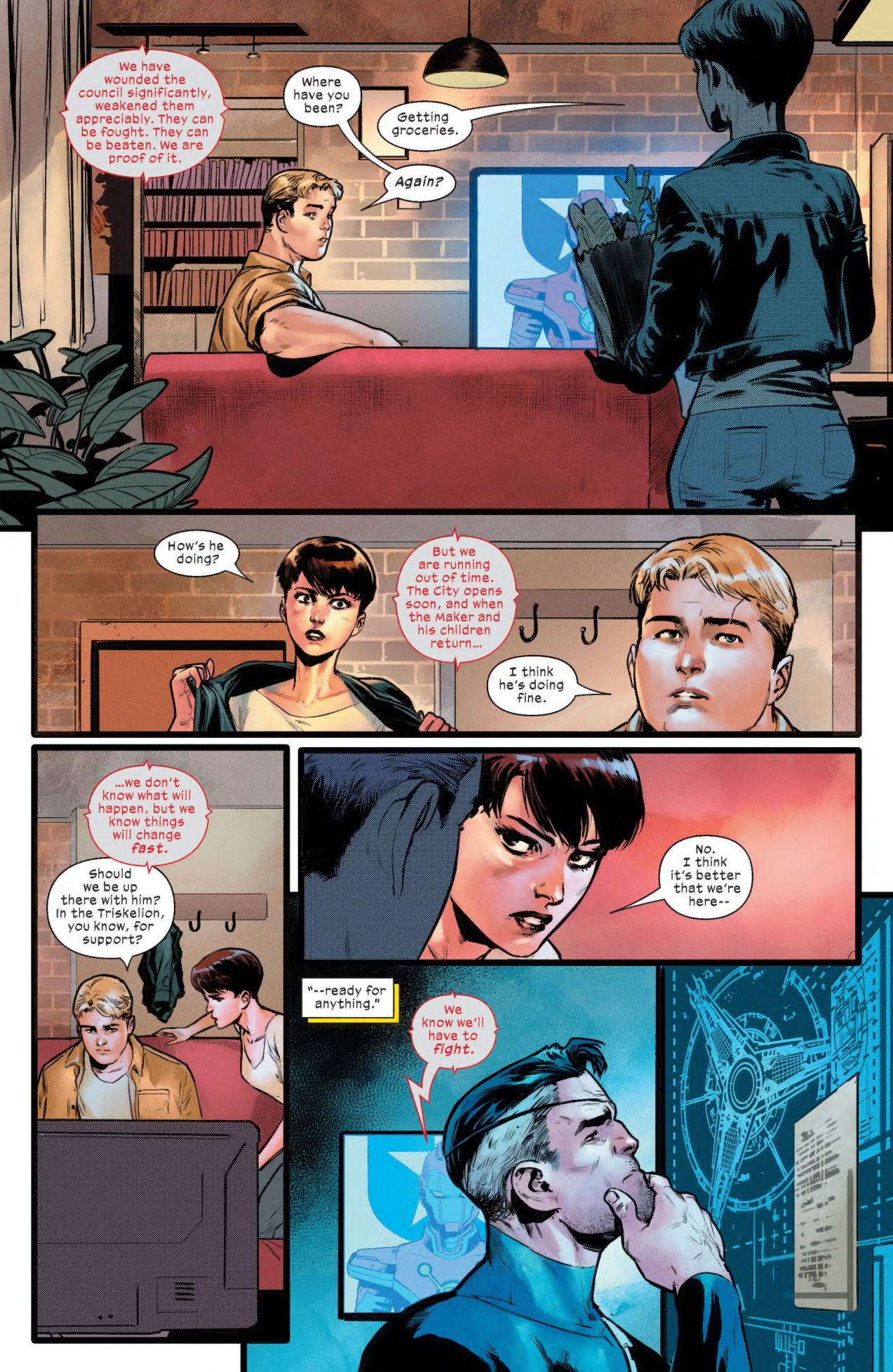
So what happened? How did we get here? Who is to blame for all this?
Assemble La Croisade Noire!
You know the man responsible. His name is the Maker. He and all of the world's leaders--
--Henri Duggary, Emmanuel Da Costa, Bruce Banner, Illyana Rasputin and Emperor Sunfire--
--have conspired to rob you of your freedom, to kill and imprison all who stand against them and to drain the life from this world.
...stupid, petulant child...!
I have seen it for myself. I've seen mass graves filled with super heroes, many of them children. They go on for miles.
I've seen hidden prehistoric paradises fouled beyond repair. The innocent inhabitants of idyllic islands turned into radioactive test subjects.
I've seen forty-thousand-year-old cities built by strange and beautiful life-forms-- a race so genetically diverse no two remotely resemble each other-- empty, except for ghosts.
For over half a century, they have killed and imprisoned every potential threat to their power, everyone they could not corrupt or contain. The world as we know it is an experiment in cruelty and control.
So the secret's out...

"It was not supposed to be like this. My father, Howard Stark, trapped the Maker in his City to give humanity a chance. His sacrifice bought us two years to *fix the world.*
"And for the last two years, the Ultimates have been trying to do just that. But time is running *out.*
"Most of what we've accomplished has been hidden from you. Most of what you've heard about us has been lies and manipulations.
"We did not destroy Stark Tower. That was the work of the Maker's Council, in an attempt to discredit us. We grieve every one of those lives lost.

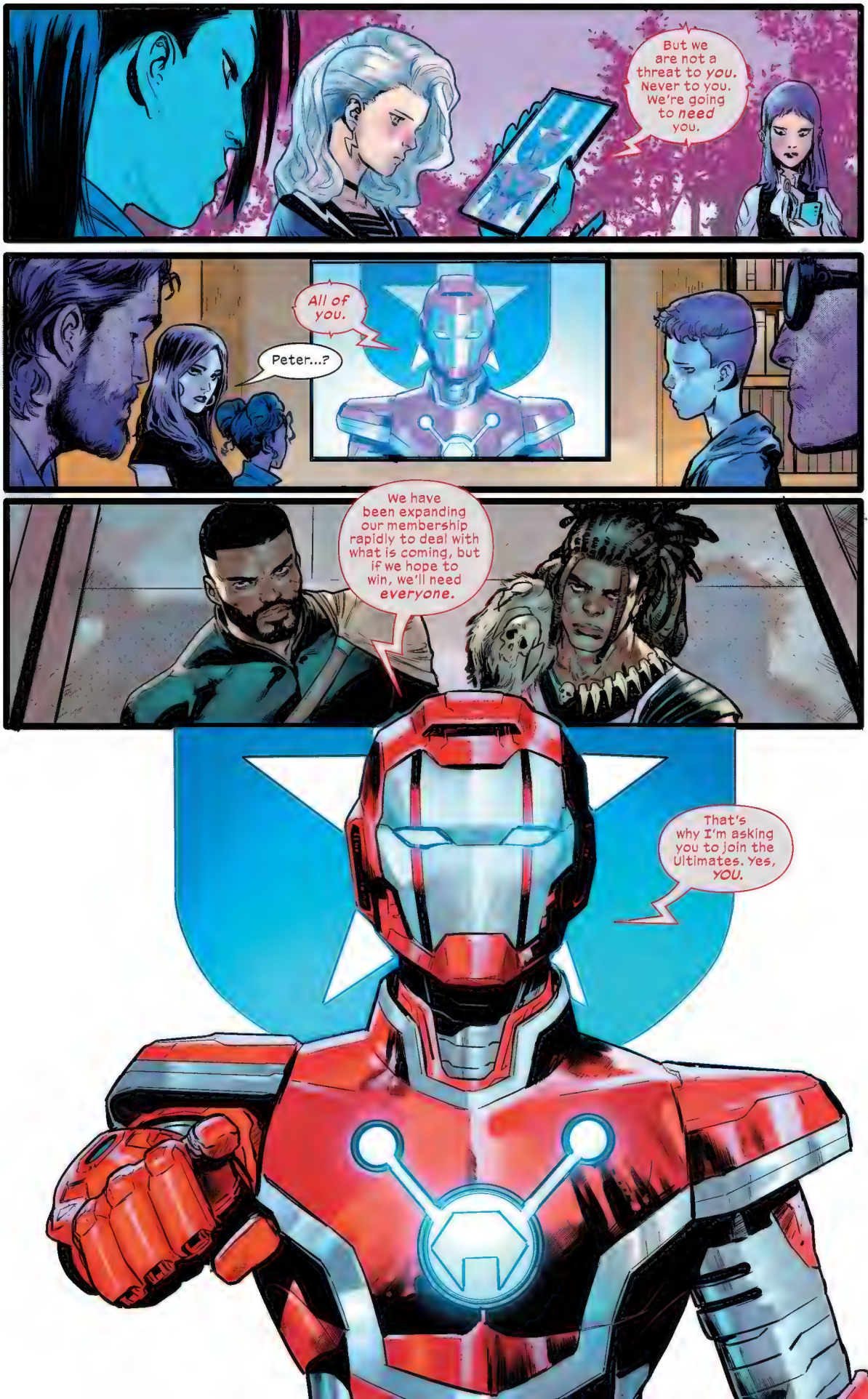
"The power outages in Maryland and Virginia last year **were** the result of our actions.
"The Maker had built the grid on the ***unending suffering*** of an innocent young woman--*one of the most incredible people I've ever met--*
"--and we did not think that was right.
"We would make the same decision again."

It is true, we have attacked the council's infrastructure, raided their mines, destroyed or absorbed their weapons factories and stockpiles.
You guys have pretty nice *stuff* for supposedly ascetic monks.
"We have distributed cures for most major diseases--cures previously reserved for only the *super rich* and heavily connected.
There's enough for everyone, you don't have to push.
"All across the country, a wave of prisoner uprisings, inspired by an Ultimate named *Luke Cage*, have overthrown their tormentors and turned their dungeons into *autonomous self-governing collectives*.
You are all ready for this. This is what we trained for, what we've *worked* for. This moment. Can you feel it? It feels like...
...Christmas.
"The so-called *Ultimate Archipelago*.

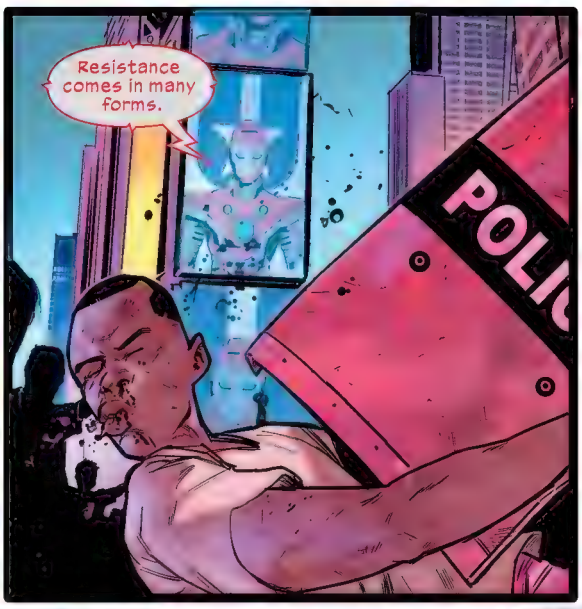
"We have fought living fairy tales and set off a war of the gods and have fought among the shining ramparts of Heaven itself. Many of us have *died*. But we *came back*."
We came back for the cause. For you.
Jan?

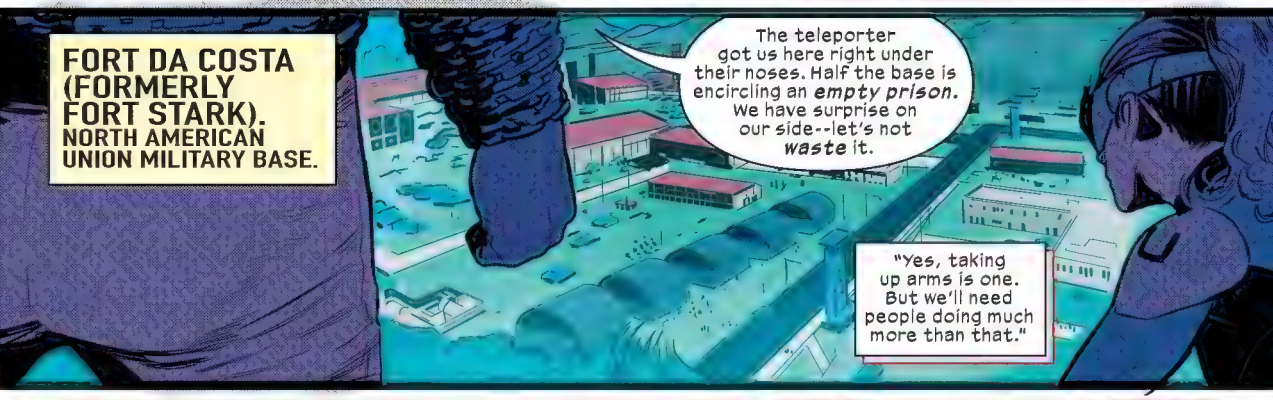

We have wounded the council significantly, weakened them appreciably. They can be fought. They can be beaten. We are proof of it.
Where have you been?
Getting groceries.
Again?
How's he doing?
But we are running out of time. The City opens soon, and when the Maker and his children return...
I think he's doing fine.
...we don't know what will happen, but we know things will change *fast.*
Should we be up there with him? In the Triskelion, you know, for support?
No. I think it's better that we're here--
"--ready for anything."
We know we'll have to *fight.*

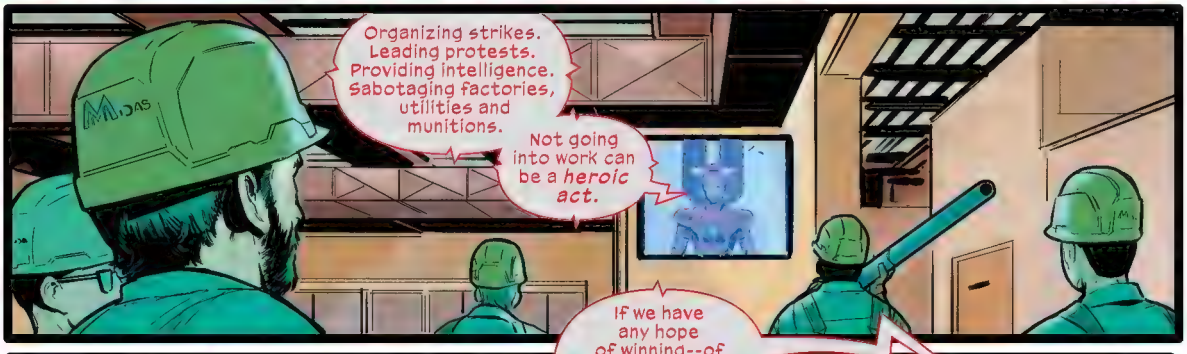
"We have been labeled terrorists, criminals, fundamentalists, cultists, degenerates, dangerous anti-socials.
"We call ourselves *freedom fighters.*
"And we *are* dangerous--*to them.* *Freedom* is dangerous to them and the system they've built.
"We are a threat to any system designed to suppress or interfere with human flourishing."


But we are not a threat to *you*. Never to you. We're going to *need* you.
All of you.
Peter...?
We have been expanding our membership rapidly to deal with what is coming, but if we hope to win, we'll need *everyone.*
That's why I'm asking you to join the Ultimates. Yes, *YOU.*

Powers or weapons are not necessary to become an Ultimate.
All it takes to be an Ultimate is to *decide* to be an Ultimate. Decide to *resist*.

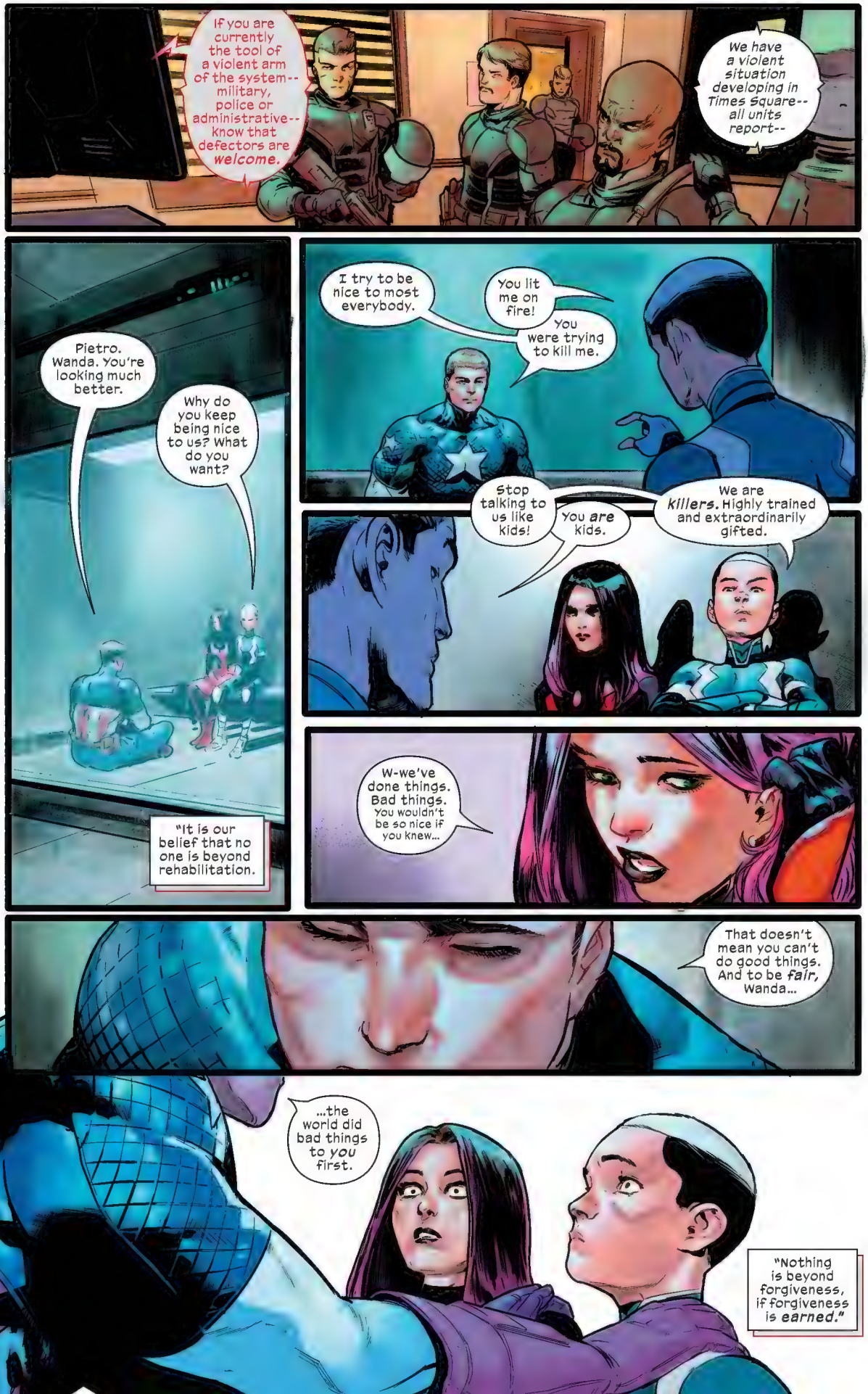

Resistance comes in many forms.

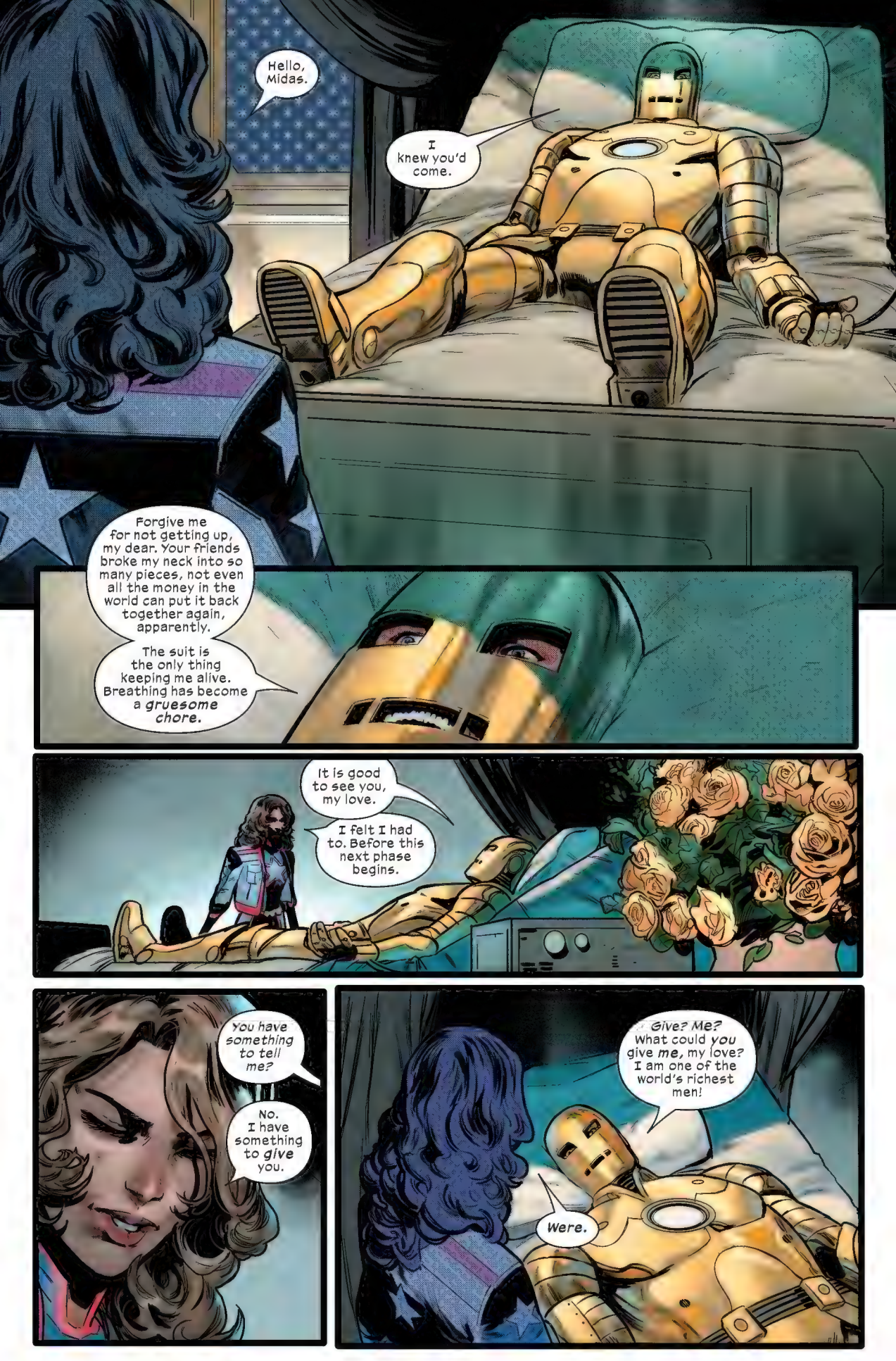

FORT DA COSTA (FORMERLY FORT STARK).
NORTH AMERICAN UNION MILITARY BASE.
The teleporter got us here right under their noses. Half the base is encircling an *empty prison*. We have surprise on our side--let's not *waste* it.
"Yes, taking up arms is one. But we'll need people doing much more than that."

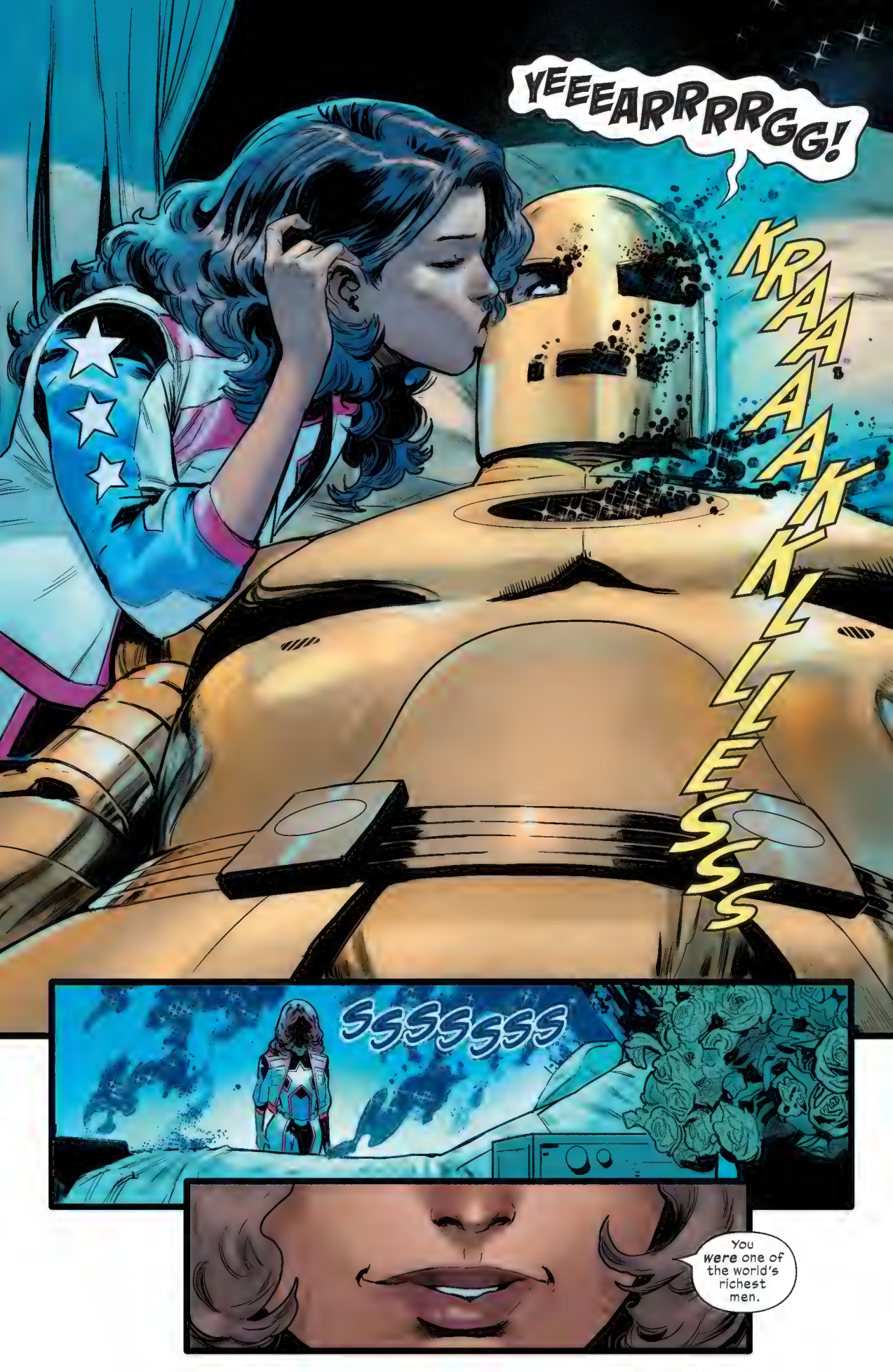

Organizing strikes. Leading protests. Providing intelligence. Sabotaging factories, utilities and munitions.
Not going into work can be a *heroic act*.

If we have any hope of winning--of changing the course of our lives--we have to do it *together*.

AVENGERS... ASSEMBLE!


If you are currently the tool of a violent arm of the system--military, police or administrative--know that defectors are *welcome.*
We have a violent situation developing in Times Square--all units report--
Pietro. Wanda. You're looking much better.
Why do you keep being nice to us? What do you want?
"It is our belief that no one is beyond rehabilitation.
I try to be nice to most everybody.
You lit me on fire!
You were trying to kill me.
Stop talking to us like kids!
You *are* kids.
We are *killers.* Highly trained and extraordinarily gifted.
W-we've done things. Bad things. You wouldn't be so nice if you knew...
That doesn't mean you can't do good things. And to be *fair,* Wanda...
...the world did bad things to *you* first.
"Nothing is beyond forgiveness, if forgiveness is *earned.*"


Hello, Midas.
I knew you'd come.
Forgive me for not getting up, my dear. Your friends broke my neck into so many pieces, not even all the money in the world can put it back together again, apparently.
The suit is the only thing keeping me alive. Breathing has become a *gruesome chore.*
It is good to see you, my love.
I felt I had to. Before this next phase begins.
You have *something* to tell *me?*
No. I have something to *give* you.
Give? Me? What could *you* give *me,* my love? I am one of the world's richest men!
Were.


YEEEARRRRGG!
KRAAAAKLLESSS
SSSSSSS
You were one of the world's richest men.

They are scared of us. Scared of YOU. They know what I know:
We outnumber them. And they're vulnerable.
So...
POI
"...they stole your future. Do you want it back?"
You're sure it's here? A door to Heaven?!
I am sure, Danny Rand.
How do you know?
How does one know anything? How do you know your name? You just know.
I know many things.
Yeah? Like what else?
I know our lives are inextricably tied for a time. So stop being lazy and move quickly.

"We are the Ultimates!"
4
Together, we will fix the world!

Wherever you are, whoever you are, if you are seeing this, consider this an open invitation!
Be a hero! Join the Ultimates!
Heroes are everywhere. They can be anyone. Even you.
The enemy's power over us is inversely proportional to our connection to each other!
They can't stop us all!
Now is the time!
We have their location, sir. Attack formation?
No. The damage is done.
I want them monitored continuously. Let's see what we can find out.
So I say to every one of you, my brothers- and sisters-in-arms, my Ultimates...

...RISE UP!
KRRSSSBOOOM
POLICE
POLICE
RATATATATATATATA
"...RISE UP!
"...RISE UP!"
ZERO MONTHS REMAINING.

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